

MISCELLANIES

IN
VERSE and PROSE.

BY
JOHN LUCAS, COBLER,

A PENSIONER IN
TRINITY HOSPITAL, SALISBURY.

Of old, those met rewards who did excel,
And such were prais'd, who but endeavour'd well:
Though triumphs were to Gen'als only due,
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the Soldiers too.

POPE.

SALISBURY:
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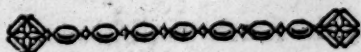
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MISCEL-

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Miscellaneous Pieces.



A D I A L O G U E,

BY WAY OF APOLOGY.

F R I E N D.

PHILO, forbear, nor waste your time

In reading, or composing rhyme ;

Think on the low, the abject sphere

You are ordain'd to act in here,

Nor hope to raise on wings of fame

From dark obscurity your name.

But granting this, that you succeed,

Does any gain from it proceed ?

Will fame content the hungry Muse,

Or give the naked wretch some cloaths ?

B

If

If not, what folly 'tis to write,
 Since you, my friend, get nothing by't!
 Your trade, though mean, will these supply;
 If you with diligence apply,
 Your real wants you may remove
 By means which God and man approve.
 Hunger assails, the north wind blows,
 And thou hast nought to interpose;
 What rhyme or reason wilt thou find
 To ease the smart, or chear thy mind?

A U T H O R.

Like one that's lost in gloomy night,
 Uncertain if he's wrong or right,
 While dangers stir up ev'ry fear,
 And all his thoughts are prest with care;
 Yet humbly hopes to find the way,
 And sighs for the approaching day:
 My soul in such a state I find,
 Thick darkness hovers o'er my mind;
 Oppress'd with doubts, perplex'd with fear,
 Yet faith and hope my spirit chear.
 Emerging from the dark domain,
 Where ignorance and error reign,
 I see a radiant heav'nly light
 Pierce through the gloomy shade of night;

Bright

Bright and more bright its splendors shine,
 I feel its influence divine ;
 Wisdom's my wish, my soul's desire,
 To her I ardently aspire.
 However low or mean the sphere
 By Providence assign'd me here,
 Will that atone for ignorance ?
 Will that excuse my want of sense ?
 If so, I must confess, my friend,
 Idly my precious time I spend.

FRIEND.

Were you with learning qualify'd
 For those high flights which warm your pride,
 Then might I hope you would obtain
 Those graces you now court in vain,

AUTHOR.

Don't think that learning I despise,
 Or that all learned men are wise,
 Although in Latin deeply read,
 Or Grecian tutors they have had ;
 One spark of true celestial fire
 The soul sublimes, and raises higher
 Than any human art can teach,
 Or e'en the proudest science reach.

FRIEND.

I pray observe that rugged stone
 Just as 'tis from the quarry thrown—
 Behold that other, form'd by art—
 What beauty strikes from ev'ry part !
 The former rough and shapeless stone
 Lies unobserv'd, thought of by none.
 'Tis science polishes the mind,
 'Tis learning dignifies mankind.

AUTHOR.

Good Sir, is there no difference then
 'Twixt lifeless stones and god-like men ?
 Is human nature sunk so low,
 It can no mark of wisdom show,
 But what from learning it derives,
 Or from the sciences receives ?
 His art the sculptor might display,
 Yet cannot animate the clay ;
 Nor can the learned, proud of skill,
 The pupil's mind with wisdom fill.
 Is genius wanting ? Arts must fail,
 Nor will the nicest rules avail ;
 That sacred fire from heav'n descends,
 'Tis God the precious gift extends.

That

That lucid, piercing, chearing light
 Expels the gloomy shades of night;
 Till that arrives, all human arts
 Serve but to form a fool of parts.
 Dull minds, with Greek and Latin fraught,
 Are but like statues finely wrought;
 For both confess they want a soul
 To warm and animate the whole.
 O Wisdom ! pure, celestial fire !
 Offspring of Heav'n's eternal Sire !
 Mean Prejudice, with squinting eye,
 And Ignorance, thy presence fly ;
 Opinion's solid rocks relent,
 And Self-conceit's in pieces rent :
 The Soul as from a chaos springs,
 And of thy glorious pow'r she sings ;
 On downy pinions first she soars,
 And nature's lowest scale explores,
 Till grown mature, her strength she tries,
 And mounts with joy the yielding skies.

FRIEND.

Enthusiasm I fear's the end
 To which your airy notions tend ;
 O ! leave that false delusive fire,
 And to your reason back retire.

AUTHOR.

Is Reason then a guide sincere,
 And was she never known to err?
 Will she thro' life's perplexing maze
 Conduct us safe in virtue's ways?

FRIEND.

Reason to man did God extend
 To be his guide, and faithful friend;
 And if to her he will adhere,
 He'll find her dictates all sincere.

AUTHOR.

Should I prefer the gloomy night,
 Before the rosy morning's light,
 Yet had a journey to pursue,
 The way unknown, perplexing too;
 Or thought a candle's feeble light
 Sufficient to direct me right,
 You would me fool or madman deem,
 And place me so in your esteem.
 Reason, I grant, may do its part,
 But it surpasses human art
 Perfection's lofty mount to gain,
 Or sacred Wisdom to obtain;

Reason

Reason is but a feeble guide,
 Unless by God with Grace supply'd :
 'Tis that which purifies the mind,
 'Tis that which polishes mankind ;
 'Tis that makes learning brightly shine,
 Diffusing light, and heat divine.

PHILO's

PHILO'S GARDEN,

Or, a Description of the

GARDEN OF THE SOUL.

AN ALLEGORY.*

AND THOU SHALT BE LIKE A WATERED GARDEN,
 AND LIKE A SPRING OF WATER, WHOSE WATERS
 FAIL NOT.

Isaiah lviii. 11.

WOULD one of all the Nine attend,
 And kindly aid my feeble hand,
 Good sterling sense, with sparkling wit,
 Should sweetly flow thro' all I writ;
 My garden, blooming ever gay,
 Be like the charming month of May.
 But since nor learning nor the Nine
 Propitious are to my design,

All-

* Allegory is an assemblage or combination of different metaphors, which have all a near relation to the same subject: The use of it is, to convey our meaning under disguised terms, when to speak it out, in plain, may not be so safe, so seasonable, or effectual to the instruction or entertainment of the hearer.

All-pow'rful Wisdom ! sacred ray !
 Be thou my Muse, inspire my lay !
 Raise, and my groveling thoughts refine ;
 O fire my soul with love divine !
 Come, thou seraphic heav'n-born Muse,
 And all thy sweetest charms infuse ;
 Conceptions clear, expressions keen,
 With ardor glowing, yet serene :
 How nobly then shall I aspire,
 If love divine my fancy fire !
 Enraptur'd then my soul shall rove
 Thro' wisdom's sacred, blooming grove.—
 'Tis there the Genii all resort,
 'Tis there the Muses keep their court ;
 There peace with joy serene abides,
 And true felicity resides.
 O ! could I there for ever dwell,
 My cares and fears I'd bid farewell,
 And, as the moments sweetly fly,
 I'd wisely live, and learn to die.

THERE is a pleasant sylvan scene,
 Near Avon's flowing silver stream,
 Where Flora's artless charms appear,
 And smiling deck the rising year ;

The

The flow'ry vale, the tow'ring hill,
The eye with pleasing prospects fill.

In this delightful, sweet retreat
Was PHILO's garden situate ;
Where simple nature, void of art,
Did all her native pow'rs impart.

As wealth fell not to PHILO's share,
This garden was his only care,
Which to improve was his delight,
It was his study day and night.
The best instructors PHILO sought,
And by their rules for ever wrought ;
Thro' intellectual fields he rov'd
For plants and flow'rs, as they approv'd,
And if success his labour crown'd,
With grateful joy his heart would bound ;
The choice collection pleas'd his soul,
They guide him by a soft controul ;
Plac'd in his garden see them rise,
Delight, instruct, and yield surprize :
Thus ev'ry day increas'd his store,
And he improv'd it more and more.

Just as you enter in, behold
 A chrystal spring its charms unfold;
 Now form'd a rill, with virgin waves
 Refreshing sweet the garden laves,
 In soft meanders on it glides,
 And feeds the verdure with its tides;
 Each rising plant, and fragrant flow'r
 The blessing feels, and owns its pow'r;
 It wins the eye, it charms the ear,
 And yields a prospect goodly fair.

To make this garden as compleat
 As could be in this mortal state,
 Content had form'd, with nicest care,
 Of flow'ring shrubs an arbour fair:
 Calm Peace, with Contemplation join'd,
 To visit here was much inclin'd;
 Where great examples they'd recite,
 And set in such a striking light,
 As warm'd the heart with strong desire
 Those heav'nly graces to acquire.
 Here tranquil joys eternal bloom,
 And breathe around a rich perfume;
 The lily, in pure white array'd,
 The charms of innocence display'd;

And

And here the humble violet grew,
 And there the rose of Sharon blew.
 (An unseen limner here displays
 His charming art an hundred ways.)
 As they with different names were grac'd,
 In beauteous order were they plac'd;
 But one, surpassing all the rest,
 His greatest care and love express'd;
 Which to describe I shall essay,
 And all its charming bloom display.
 At first an humble plant, and mean,
 It rose spontaneous, and unseen;
 Unknown its value, or its price,
 He thought it good to ask advice.
 A worthy, good old man he sought,
 Who by experience wisely taught,
 Who plants and simples understood,
 And took delight in doing good;
 To him he humbly did apply,
 And he right willing did comply.
 To PHILO's cot they chearful walk'd,
 And by the way divinely talk'd;
 His words sunk deep in PHILO's heart,
 He only wish'd they ne'er might part.

When

When at the garden they arriv'd,
 He said, "'Tis very well contriv'd,
 'Tis form'd on that right worthy plan
 Which our Great Master gave to man ;
 His fair example imitate,
 In Him alone are we compleat."

When he the plant had well survey'd,
 He turn'd, and thus to PHILO said :
 " What thought can reach, or tongue display,
 " Almighty God, thy secret way !
 " How great the favours you bestow !
 " How free and unconfin'd they flow !
 " O sacred seed ! 'twas love divine
 " Which dropp'd it here, and made it thine ;
 " With all thy might and vigour strive
 " To cherish, and to make it thrive ;
 " If you neglect, no fruit 'twill bear,
 " Nothing but leaves will then appear.
 " Men, fam'd for learn'd and shining parts,
 " Unless true virtue warms their hearts,
 " Are, like those trees, with verdure crown'd,
 " Yet fruit is never on them found.
 " But knowledge, join'd with love divine,
 " Does with a heav'nly lustre shine ;

C

" 'Tis

" 'Tis like the sun's prolific ray,
 " Dispensing blessings ev'ry way.

" Observe, it sprung just as we enter,
 " We must remove it to the centre ;
 " In low moist ground 'twill deepest root,
 " More vigorous will its branches shoot :
 " An humble heart is always found
 " Where heav'nly graces most abound.
 " For balmy dew, or gentle show'r,
 " Thou humbly must thy God implore ;
 " To watch and pray do not neglect,
 " He'll gracious hear, and thee protect ;
 " From nipping frost, from blasting air,
 " He'll shield thy tree with tender care ;
 " His benediction is the sun,
 " Whence life and beauty first begun ;
 " With patience wait, the time will come
 " Thy tree shall yield delightful bloom.
 " How fair, how lovely is the fruit,
 " Where love divine's the sacred root."

PHILO with grateful thanks reply'd,
 " My worthy friend, my pious guide,

" Swe

" Sweet are the precepts you impart,
" Your condescension charms my heart."

(With such delight the hoary Sage
Does thus the pupil's love engage.)

" The greatest pleasure I can find
" Is to instruct a willing mind,
" Who wisdom seeks with heart sincere,
" And with delight inclines his ear.
" Thy garden with thy soul compare,
" They both demand thy utmost care
" To keep them clean, and void of weeds,
" (That secret foe which inward breeds)
" But chiefly study to acquire
" The soul-inspiring vital fire
" Thy humble mind 'twill sublimate,
" And dignify thy poor estate.
" A beauteous Garden charms our sight,
" An humble soul is God's delight.
" In lofty strains Isaiah sings,
" The Lord of Lords, the King of Kings,
" The heav'n of heav'ns cannot contain
" The glory of his awful train;
" Before his throne the heav'nly host
" In rapture and amaze are lost;

“ With fervent love each bosom glows,
 “ From thence the sacred TRIAD flows.

“ Thus faith the High and Lofty One
 “ Who fills the everlasting throne :
 “ Humility, attention lend,—
 “ I AM man’s everlasting friend ;
 “ The humble, contrite heart shall find
 “ His God beneficent and kind ;
 “ Fresh streams of graces from on high,
 “ Shall all his pious wants supply ;
 “ My pow’r and goodness know no bound,
 “ My love is one eternal round ;
 “ In heav’n, on earth, ’tis I ordain,
 “ do all sustain.

“ What stronger motive can excite
 “ Thy soul to love the truth, the light,
 “ Ineffable, refulgent ray,
 “ That drives the gloomy shades away ?
 “ To know, to love, to feel its pow’r,
 “ Is what improves each day, each hour,
 “ Progressive, like these plants or trees,
 “ So virtue rises by degrees.

“ Be

“ Be sure you keep a constant guard,
 “ And for assaults be well prepar’d,
 “ For this, thy garden and thy tree,
 “ Will tempt thy foes to injure thee;
 “ In good repair keep up your fence,
 “ Know, love divine’s the best defence,—
 “ At present I shall add no more,
 “ Tho’ inexhaustible my store;
 “ May health, and peace, and joy abide,
 “ And love Almighty be thy guide.
 “ Farewell.”——

Now PHILO strove with all his might,
 His Garden was his whole delight:
 His tree was grown exceeding high,
 And struck with wonder ev’ry eye;
 The leaves were verdant all the year,
 The fruit like brilliant gems appear;
 With heav’nly lustre did it glow,
 And all around a splendor throw.

This fill’d the mouth of Common Fame,
 And much she talk’d, where’er she came,
 Of PHILO’S Garden and his Tree,
 As something curious, strange to see;

And great additions to it made,
As usual in her way of trade.

This baleful Envy hears with pain,
She foams with rage, she breathes disdain;
In furious mood breaks from her cell,
And pours around a dreadful yell,
The signal for each cursed fiend
Which on her person doth attend.
Eager they fly at her command,
And all impatient round her stand;
For mischief they are keenly set;
A rich repast they hope to get.
To Envy, as their Sov'reign, they
All due respect and homage pay.
She now her snakey tresses shakes,
And thus her votaries bespeaks:
" My trusty, well-beloved friends,
" On your assistance much depends.
" I make no doubt but all have heard
" What Fame of PHILO has declar'd:
" I burn this wond'rous thing to see,
" I'll blight the fruit, or kill the tree.
" Shall one so low, so mean, obscure,
" Whose name ne'er reach'd my ear before;

" Shall

" Shall such a thing aspire to fame ?
 " I swear we'll blast his airy dream,
 " If you, by force or subtle art,
 " Will each perform your stated part."

Thus having said, she urg'd their flight,
 And PHILO's cot they reach'd by night.
 Ere they had seen, they thought 'twould be
 An easy task to kill this tree,
 But now they found they must exert
 Their utmost skill and subtle art,
 As PHILO, ever on his guard,
 For all assaults was well prepar'd.
 A triple hedge of ever-green,
 With flow'ring shrubs dispers'd between,
 Encircling round the garden rose,
 And safely did the whole inclose;
 A pious fear stood at the gate,
 A prudent care within did wait:
 But PHILO chiefly did depend
 On one most potent, faithful friend,
 Whose gen'rous love he oft had try'd;
 Whose bounty all his wants supply'd;
 Tho' great, so good, he'd condescend
 To visit PHIL, and call him friend;

Shall

Well

Well pleas'd he'd smile on PHILO's toil,
And help him to improve the soil.

This having seen, and well survey'd,
They stopp'd, and paus'd, and seem'd dismay'd.
In council it was then agreed
By stratagem they should proceed ;
And if that fail'd, they wou'd of course
Attempt to gain their point by force.

Smooth-tongu'd Deceit, with artful fraud,
Dress'd like a stranger from abroad,
Must beg this garden to survey,
While they in secret ambush lay ;
If by this means she gain'd admittance,
They'd all rush in without resistance.
But entrance was to her deny'd,
And Prudence from within reply'd,
" As PHILO never sought for fame,
" Or thought his garden worth a name,
" Conscious it would not stand the test,
" He did not chuse to be their jest ;
" For critical and learned rules,
" Which are acquir'd, and taught in Schools,

" He

" He nothing knew, nor did pretend
 " With skilful gard'ners to contend;
 " Yet thought he was in duty bound
 " To cultivate this spot of ground.
 " If there was ought to recommend,
 " 'Twas owing to his worthy friend,
 " Whose approbation to acquire,
 " The summit was of his desire."

With this repulse Deceit withdrew,
 And instant join'd the hellish crew.
 This answer so inflam'd their rage,
 With all their fury they engage.

And now a gloomy cloud descends
 With roaring, horrid noise it rends,
 From whence a foul banditti flies,
 With malice fraught and calumnies;
 Some in soft whispers strive to wound,
 Others more loud and clam'rous sound;
 Some fasten on the lovely fruit;
 Base Envy's aim was at the root:
 Detraction, Calumny, and Spite,
 Their num'rous forces all unite.

Poor PHILO's ruin all conspire,
 Each bosom glows with hellish fire ;
 But to their great surprize they found
 A pow'r unseen did them confound :
 Their fury on themselves recoil'd,
 And all their curs'd designs werē foil'd.
 In vain they rage at their defeat,
 By shame compell'd they must retreat ;
 Yet Envy, ere they did depart,
 Her utmost cunning would exert.
 She rais'd a noisome, gloomy cloud,
 Which did in darkness all inshroud,
 Whose horrid gloom the sun's bright ray
 Had not the pow'r to chase away.

PHILO till now had bravely stood
 Contending with this hellish brood ;
 But when he saw the dismal shade
 Which baleful, cruel Envy made,
 Who can express the heart-felt woe
 Poor PHILO now must undergo ?
 His garden spoil'd, his tree no more,
 So great a loss who could endure ?
 His foes at last have gain'd their ends,
 He's vanquish'd with his noble friends ;

Wit

With wonder struck, and deep surprise,
 His spirits fail, he fainting lies.
 The fiends with heart-felt pleasure view'd
 His great distress, nor pity shew'd;
 Insulting crouds around him fly,
 Whose echoing shouts denote their joy.

When lo! an heav'nly form appear'd,
 Who rais'd him, and his spirits chear'd.
 A radiant glory flow'd around,
 Which did the miscreants all confound,
 It put a stop to their career,
 And struck them all with panic fear.
 Justice they saw, with awful face,
 Advance in slow majestic grace;
 A flaming sword his right hand fill'd,
 His left an equal balance held.

Envy wou'd fain have from him fled,
 And Malice strove to hide her head;
 But all their wily arts were vain,
 For Justice seiz'd them with their train:
 Now victims they to vengeance fall,
 And sure destruction ends them all.

As

As Truth advanc'd, the darknefs fled,
The tree more glorious shew'd its head.

Thus for a time the orb of day
Who chears all nature with his ray,
May by eclipse his lustre lose,
Or gloomy clouds may interpose.
But soon his splendor we regain,
He gilds each grove, and verdant plain.

Thus PHILO triumphs o'er his foes,
His heart with grateful songs o'erflows ;
He sings his great, his faithful friend,
Whose gen'rous love did him defend,
Who did his enemies confound,
And him with loving-kindness crown'd.

A W I S H.

WHILE on this orb I do reside,
 Celestial WISDOM be my guide;
 May Wit my sweet companion be,
 Right Reason still adhere to me;
 And may my passions ever stand
 Ready to wait on her command;
 May Vice and Folly both subside,
 And Virtue's rules be still my guide,
 On Providence repose my care,
 Nor listen to ill-boding fear.

Come sweet Content, with rosy Health,
 Ye real blessings! real wealth!
 Without you, life's a gloomy scene,
 And grandeur but an empty dream!

A O may I find that Phoenix rare,
 A pious, faithful friend sincere,
 The gloomy hours of life to cheer;
 With kind concern to sooth my soul,
 And ev'ry anxious fear controul.

D

May

May Wisdom's sacred irradiations fall on my soul, as dews celestial on the tender herb; with energy divine my words shall flow, and in harmonious rapture will I sing EMMANUEL's love. I will contemplate the magnificent, the stupendous wonders of Almighty pow'r, love, wisdom, and infinite munificence; display the glories of JEHOVAH, the great, the eternal God; the centre of my hope, the consummation of my wish, the crown of my desire.

Though the foregoing mixture of Poetry and Prose has a very singular appearance, the Editor rather chose to present it to the public in its genuine state, than to make an alteration, which would not only exceed the limits of his commission, but would also deprive the reader of being an immediate witness of the Author's manner. He desires only to observe, that every piece is printed from the Author's words, except a few grammatical corrections, and that he has reason to believe, from the appearance of these mixed copies, that neither the prosaic nor poetical parts have received much improvement from revisions, but are now nearly the same as when first dictated by the Author's genius.

VIRTUE

A
T
W
An
W
En
He
Nor
But
To

V I R T U E and V I C E,



VISIONARY CONTRAST,

WITH noise and folly weary grown,
I leave that busy scene—the town,

And to the rural shades repair,
To breathe the sweet refreshing air :
Where Zephyrs softly fan the trees,
And gently waft the fragrant breeze ;
Where lovely Flora, sweetly gay,
Enamour'd woos the charming May,
He hears with joy the soothing tale,
Nor from her can his love conceal,
But full of rapture does aspire
To gratify her fond desire.

D 2

With

With garlands crown'd, and robes more gay
 Than filk or gems could e'er display,
 To Amaranthine groves they haste,
 In sweet delights the time to waste;
 Where health, and peace, and joy abide,
 How sweet, how swift the moments glide !

What pleasing views successive rise,
 Which way so'er I turn mine eyes !
 Behold ! the blooming fragrant flow'r,
 The verdant spray which decks the bow'r,
 The humble shrub, the lofty pine,
 In beauteous order all combine
 To celebrate the God all-wise,
 Whose pow'rful goodness all supplies !

As this appear'd, a pleasing theme,
 My muse delighted view'd the same ;
 But, how delusive are our joys !
 This moment's bliss the next destroys.
 Scarce had I stopp'd, and look'd around,
 Where charming landscapes did abound,
 A ghastly phantom did arise,
 And struck me deeply with surprize :

It much resembled human kind ;
 But round his head and breast entwin'd,
 Were serpents of enormous kind.

}

Now they uprear their shining crest,
 And open tear his panting breast,
 Where all his vitals they display,
 And on his heart appear to prey ;
 He wriths with pain, lifts up his eyes,
 And with these words assaults the skies :
 " What have I done ! what is my crime !
 " Tell me ye Gods, ye Pow'rs divine !"

Now gloomy clouds o'erspread the sky,
 And forked light'nings swiftly fly ;
 A dreadful voice to him reply'd,
 " From whence proceeds this daring pride ?
 " Dost think with heav'n thou may'st contend ?
 " Or striving, hope to gain thy end ?
 " Vain mortal, no ; be timely wise,
 " Ere death's cold hand shall close thine eyes :
 " If thou the paths of vice hast trod,
 " Condemn thyself, and not thy God ;
 " Those serpents, and their deadly stings,
 " Are but the product of thy sins.

" From whence proceedeth all thy pain ?
 " The dire effects the cause explain :
 " EMMANUEL's blood, with tears contrite,
 " Will heal the serpents' deadly bite ;
 " 'Twill cleanse thy soul from ev'ry ill,
 " And all those horrid monsters kill."

This said, the Phantom disappear'd ;
 The gloom dispers'd, the sky was clear'd,
 Fresh verdant charms the prospect crown'd,
 And fragrant sweets breath'd all around.

Soft solemn music now I hear
 Float on the air, and drawing near ;
 Harmonious voices with it join,
 And make a concert all divine.
 And now advanc'd a human form,
 Whom all the Graces did adorn ;
 Attended with a lovely train,
 Who in procession cross'd the plain :
 Humility, with heav'nly mein,
 With graces crown'd, appear'd as Queen ;
 To her they due obedience pay,
 And gladly her commands obey ;
 Each cloath'd in white, with chaplets crown'd,
 Diffus'd a splendor all around,

And

And form'd a lovely, beauteous sight,
 Which fill'd my soul with sweet delight;
 But when in hymns divine they strove
 To sing the joys of heav'nly love,
 My soul transported felt its pow'r,
 And raptures caught unknown before;
 Each voice did breathe immortal love,
 A bleeding God each cadence prove.

O could I always hear them sing,
 No greater bliss could I desire,
 But to adore th' Omniscient King,
 And in the flames of love expire.

WISDOM;

W I S D O M;
OR, THE
S O N G of A P O L L O,
And the M U S E S.

WHEN balmy sleep my eyes had clos'd,
And slumber sooth'd my care,
On Fancy's pinions swift I rose,
And cut the yielding air.

O'er lofty hills, and pleasant vales,
As quick as thought I mov'd,
And o'er the gay enamel'd meads,
With sweet delight I rov'd.

What pleasing scenes successive rise,
How quick they slide away ?
They Fancy's magic wand attend,
And her commands obey.

What-

Whatever charms the eye, or ear,
 Or terrifies the heart,
 She gives the form, the air and mien,
 By her prolific art.

To thrilling, sweet, melodious strains,
 A mountain did arise,
 Whose awful head aspiring rose,
 And seeming reach'd the skies.

APOLLO's throne the summit grac'd ;
 The Godhead fill'd the shrine ;
 Around in lovely order stood
 The fam'd harmonious Nine.

Of Wisdom's source, and sacred pow'r,
 APOLLO first began ;
 The Muses all symphonious join,
 And thus the chorus ran :

“ Wisdom's the great, the noblest gift
 “ Th' Almighty doth bestow ;
 “ All other graces centre here,
 “ And round their splendor throw.

“ Attend-

“ Attendant on the mighty God,
“ His glorious works the crown'd,
“ And all the spacious universe
“ In harmony the bound.

“ Wisdom's the source of ev'ry joy,
“ That decks the human soul;
“ It warms, sublimes, it dignifies,
“ And animates the whole.

“ Sweet peace, and joy, and love divine,
“ Her votaries surround;
“ With never-fading chaplets, see
“ Their temples all are bound.

“ The gloomy breast where malice lurks,
“ The holy spirit flies,
“ Nor will approach the poison'd heart
“ Where envy pining lies.

“ No profligate, tho' fam'd for wit,
“ Nor yet ambitious pride,
“ Nor sordid miser e'er was known
“ With Wisdom to reside.

“ The

" The humble, meek, and contrite heart,

" Delighted she surveys;

" With such she condescends to dwell,

" And all her charms displays.

PLEASURE.

P L E A S U R E.

PLEASURE ! thou soft alluring charm,
 That dost our fond desires alarm,
 Thy gay delights we still pursue,
 And pant, and sigh for something new.

Art thou a real good or no,
 Or does thy bliss from fancy flow ?
 If real, thou would'st never cloy,
 Nor time thy blooming sweets destroy ;
 Calm and serene they'd ever move,
 And joys unfading joys improve.
 Imagination paints the scene ;
 'Tis hers to give the air and mien
 Which fill the heart with warm desire,
 And sweet ideal joys inspire.
 But real bliss was never found,
 'Tis all delusive fairy ground ;
 Or whence proceeds that conscious shame,
 Those guilty fears, that trembling frame,

Which

Which do on sensual Pleasure wait,
 Whatever may adorn the bait ?

Ask the licentious, who has been
 Thro' ev'ry course of pleasing sin,
 Where are those charms which set on fire,
 And thrill'd his soul, with soft desire ?
 Alas ! they're fled, but left behind
 Reflection sad to sting the mind.

CORINNA's beauty now is lost ;
 The sparkling bowl, the fav'rite toast,
 With all the train of fancy'd joy,
 He fondly thought would never cloy ;
 Despoil'd by time, no more they please,
 His bosom now feels torpid ease ;
 Not one of all those joys remain,
 To cheer his heart, or sooth his pain ;
 But virtue shines for ever bright,
 And fills the soul with true delight.

E

DEATH.

D E A T H.

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHICH DIE IN THE LORD.

Rev. xiv. 13.

AT thoughts of Death, frail mortals shrink
As from a deadly foe,
Whose cruel, unrelenting hand
Fills all the world with woe.

From guilty fears the horrors rise
Which point the tyrant's dart,
And all the terrors which afflict
And agonize the heart.

But could we meet him as a friend,
With some glad tidings fraught,
It would dispel the gloomy shade,
And cheer each pensive thought.

But

But few with comfort can behold
This great, this awful scene,
Or pierce, with faith's all-pow'rful ken,
The shades that intervene.

From pain and grief, and ev'ry ill,
Death sets the wretched free ;
He breaks the bonds, those fatal bonds
Of sin and misery.

O happy hours to pious souls !
How are your labours crown'd !
Your doubts and fears are all absorb'd
In joys which there abound.

The soul enlarg'd, exulting soars
To bliss that ne'er will cloy ;
Kind, friendly spirits joyous wait,
To guard, and safe convoy.

In robes all pure, Almighty love
The happy soul adorns ;
His Saviour's sweet approving smile
A radiant chaplet forms.

In high exalted strains he sings
 His great Redeemer's love ;
 Raptures divine attune his voice,
 And all his thoughts improve.

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T H E

A D V I C E.

P O O R restless mortal, tell me why
 You thus attempt with curious eye,
 On bold Presumption's wings to soar,
 And future secrets to explore ?
 Vain your attempts to penetrate
 The mystic, dark decrees of fate,
 Who know not what shall be to-morrow,
 And yet forestall your joy or sorrow ;
 Vainly you think on future years,
 And fill your mind with present cares ;
 Altho' the point scarce come but flown,
 Is all that thou canst call thy own ;
 The present, whose uncertain date
 Scarce stays whilst you its tale relate.
 In ignorance and error's ways,
 Why will you waste your fleeting days ?

Would you be wise, your thoughts apply
 Virtuous to live, and happy die ;
 To Providence resign your care,
 Nor listen to ill-boding fear ;
 Then joys serene, and peace divine,
 Will sweetly round your soul entwine.

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T H E
A U T H O R
T O H I S
M U S E.

UNCOUTH my numbers, wild the strain,
Which flows from my weak, muddy brain,
Can it instruct, or charm the ear,
Or smooth the wrinkled brow of care ?

For me, I cannot boast the rules
Which learned masters teach in schools ;
The useful rules of grammar clear,
Alas ! they never reach'd my ear,
Yielding instruction how to write
Correctly, elegant, polite,
Whence I might gain the curious art
To please the ear, or charm the heart.

WISDOM !

WISDOM ! thy lovely charms display,
 Refulgent as the orb of day !
 Deign to infuse thy pow'r divine,
 That energy may fill each line
 With thoughts sublime, and well express'd,
 And in harmonious numbers dress'd ;
 Which shall the groveling bosom raise,
 In rapture to adore and praise
 Frail man's eternal, faithful friend,
 Who does to all his love extend.

T H E

C O N S O L A T I O N.

WHO Wisdom seeks, and vicious commerce
flies,

Obscurely lives, and unregarded dies ;

Yet Providence auspicious him surveys,

Wisdom in him her sacred charms displays,

With love divine his gen'rous bosom glows,

And tranquil joy around his temples flows ;

Calm and serene his precious moments fly,

He calmly lives, nor fears, like sin, to die.

CENSURE.

C E N S U R E.

FIRST CAST THE BEAM OUT OF THINE OWN EYE.

Matt. vii. 5.

HOW soon our watchful eyes can view
 The smallest faults which others do,
 Yet to our own we're ever blind,
 And very few or none we find.
 If with our neighbours we compare,
 Their faults like mountains do appear,
 While ours but trifling mole-hills are.
 But did we with impartial eye
 Our own as well as theirs descry,
 The odds perhaps would be but small,
 Or to our share the greatest fall.
 For by experience we find
 There needs but little strength of mind
 Man's imperfections to explore :
 Fools oft times have it in their pow'r ;
 And they're most apt to ridicule,
 Who least observe Perfection's rule.

Tho'

Tho' reason acts, a feeble guide,
 We virtue and her laws deride ;
 By envy stung, or conscious shame,
 Each strives to wound another's fame :
 So quick our sight, we can espy
 In innocence deformity ;
 Nay, human frailties oftentimes
 Appear premeditated crimes.

But who, my friend, is most to blame ?
 The man who wounds another's fame,
 Or those, who with a greedy ear
 The tales of scandal love to hear ?

A

MIDNIGHT MEDITATION

O N

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

METHINKS I hear a soft, still voice,
In friendly manner say,
Break off thy slumber ! mortal, wake,
And hail the gladsome day.

Lift up thy heart to God on high,
In sweet seraphic lay ;
For love, Almighty love descends,
His wonders to display.

See blessed angels joyous come,
In glory they appear ;
On wings of love, and ardent zeal,
Glad tidings to declare.

For

For man's redemption Christ is born,
 (Bound ev'ry heart with joy)
Poor captive sinners to release,
 And Satan's pow'r destroy.

He's humbly in a manger laid,
 O ! take him to thy breast ;
Within a contrite, humble heart,
 Contented will he rest.

Arise, and join the heav'nly choir,
 Who celebrate his birth,
With songs sublime, surpassing all
 That e'er was heard on earth.

To God on high all glory be,
 For Love Almighty reigns ;
On earth be peace, to man goodwill,
 Eternal love ordains.

Hallelujah, &c.

F

HAPPINESS.

H A P P I N E S S.

TO happiness we all aspire ;
It terminates each man's desire ;

This grand design all have in view,

And all with ardour still pursue ;

But here below we seek in vain

This mighty blessing to obtain.

In ignorance and error's ways,

Poor mortals waste their fleeting days,

Nor listen to that soft, small voice,

Which would direct them in their choice,

And guide them to that real joy,

Those sweet delights, which ne'er can cloy,

Which earth nor gives, nor can destroy.

But if to earth our thoughts we bend,

Unmindful of the glorious end,

What shadows rise to mortal view,

Which we so ardently pursue !

How eagerly we press the chace,
 Till disappointment ends the race;
 By sad experience then we find
 We strove to grasp the fleeting wind;
 Reflection can no pleasure give,
 Nor flatt'ring hope can more deceive.

On life's review, what can we find
 With pow'r to sooth the pensive mind?
 When guilty fears and shame controul,
 Piercing, like arrows keen, the soul,
 Where is the man, whose pow'rful art
 Can heal a mortal's wounded heart?
 Or sooth his grief with lenient hand,
 Or renovating grace extend?
 In penitential tears is found
 A balm to cure this racking wound.
 Tis that alone which can restore,
 And wipe off folly's mighty score.

DREAMS MAY INSTRUCT.

THE night her sable veil had spread,
 And gloomy clouds a darkness shed,
 Hiding those beauteous scenes from sight,
 Which strike the eye with such delight ;
 When balmy sleep mine eyes did close,
 And gently sunk me in repose.

Now mimic fancy to my sight
 Presents Parnassus' tow'ring height,
 Vast numbers round it seem to press,
 And ardent strive to gain access :
 Ambition does each bosom fire ;
 To gain the prize they all aspire.

[But ah ! how vain is human art,
 If Phœbus deigns not to impart
 His rapt'rous influence to the heart.
 But if with him the Muses join,
 And learning does the soul refine,

}
 With

With these, if virtue warm the breast,
 And wisdom be the sole request,
 Like unto kind officious friends,
 The pupil genius each attends ;
 In gentle whispers they convey,
 And their instructive charms display ;
 The growing fancy feels its pow'r,
 And does on downy pinions soar ;
 By them directed, now she tries
 In the sublimest flights to rise.]

First, throngs of excellent translators,
 With multitudes of imitators,
 Who all a just applause obtain'd,
 But not one sprig of laurel gain'd ;
 For the true fav'rites of the Nine
 In their own native splendor shine ;
 In borrow'd rays they ne'er appear,
 Nor think it worthy of their care ;
 If they from laurels wipe the dust,
 By length of time, or envy curst,
 'Tis done with such a pious care,
 As gen'rous souls to merit bear.

A noble tribe now onward bend,
Whom learned genii did attend ;
With aspect most divinely sweet,
Apollo did his offspring greet ;
Their brows with sacred laurels bound,
Immortal joys their labours crown'd.

ABSENCE.

A B S E N C E.

JUST as I thought I did commence
 A friendship with a man of sense,
 Whose soul like mine could take delight
 In what the tuneful Nine recite,
 He's gone, unkind, nor took his leave,
 Nor friendly wishes to me gave.
 O! how unlike our greeting, when
 Reason and passion held the pen ;
 When all was friendship, all sincere,
 And love expell'd repining care,
 Time sweetly rapid pass'd away,
 And crown'd with pleasure ev'ry day.

OT

EPITAPH

E P I T A P H

ON AN INFANT.

IT was my happy lot,
 Early to quit this scene,
 Ere sin did me defile,
 Or stain my spotless fame.

Sweet blossoms fade and fall,
 So dropp'd my tender bloom ;
 But grieve not at my fate,
 Nor think me gone too soon.

By heav'n's indulgent hand,
 How soon was I set free !
 Exempt from all the ills
 Of sin and misery.

TO

TO YOUR FAITH, ADD VIRTUE.

VIRTUE, thy brilliant, lovely charms
Around thy votary throw;
Expel the gloomy shades of vice,
That artful, subtle foe.

Thy sacred word directs the mind;
To wisdom points the way,
Where peace and pleasure all shall find,
Who her just laws obey.

In sweet progression they advance,
Like to that shining light,
Whose splendor more and more improves,
And triumphs o'er the night.

Divine sensations shall arise,
And warm that mortal's breast,
Who on reflection's voice can say,
"I've bravely done my best."

T H E
CHRISTIAN'S COMFORT.

CAST YOUR CARE UPON GOD, FOR HE CARETH
FOR YOU.

WHO can recount the num'rous ills,
That mortals do molest?
What sharp, corrosive, endless fears
Alarm the human breast?

Here, ever restless, still we strive
To shift the gloomy scene,
Yet often find a bitter change
In all which intervene.

The worldly-wise sagacious man
With ardour does pursue;
Tho' disappointment mars his schemes,
He's still projecting new.

But

But if success his wishes crown,
There's something unpossess'd;
A something this world cannot give,
When it has done its best.

See time with sad experience join,
And with resistless force
Convince the poor mistaken man
How wrong he took his course.

Did we our trust in God repose,
And chuse him for our guide,
His tender providential care
Had all our wants supply'd.

Unerring wisdom sets the part
We are to act in here;
Which to perform with all our skill,
Should be our only care.

Virtue's resolv'd, intrepid sons,
How bravely they proceed;
They gain the never-fading palm
By many a noble deed.

Divine

Divine ambition, heav'nly flame !
My faculties inspire ;
May avarice my soul absorb
In pure Celestial fire.

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ADDRESS TO A FRIEND.

WILL you, my worthy learned friend,
 Vouchsafe a smile, or condescend
 To read the lines which I have wrote,
 Or kindly aid my groveling thought?

Tho' ignorant of what is right,
 I scribble on as 'twere in spight;
 Yet still, with ardour I pursue
 Those mental joys, for ever new.
 And now presume in life's last stage,
 In flights poetic to engage.
 But can the strains which I recite,
 To any reader give delight?
 If with good sense my thoughts sublime
 Have something like harmonious rhyme,
 I'm pleas'd; it sooths my restless care,
 And does the gloomy minutes chear.

G

If

If Love divine inspire my soul,
 My thoughts shall range from pole to pole;
 Attention shall devotion raise,
 As my enraptur'd soul surveys
 The glorious works my God displays.
 If sacred wisdom does attend,
 And guide me like a faithful friend,
 My thoughts, with energy divine,
 Shall with a heav'nly lustre shine;
 From nature's lowest scale I'd rise,
 And trace the glory of the skies.

T O

T O

Mr. T——S W——S.

WAS you sincere in what you writ?

Or was it to display your wit,

You did so much my lines commend,

And seeming wish'd to call me friend?

If you're in earnest, to me haste,

I'll meet you with a friend's embrace :

Of knowledge all my little stores

You may command, and call them yours.

My Muse shall at your service be,

If you can with her rules agree.

She says, true Friendship's only found

In souls where Virtue does abound;

Whose breasts are purg'd of gross desires,

And ardent glow with sacred fires.

Nor miser, nor lewd debauchee

Will she admit with her to be,

G 2

Nor

Nor vicious men of graceless fame,
 Tho' oft they use her sacred name;
 Such never have the Goddess seen,
 Tho' they assume her air and mein.

Virtue, my friend's, the solid base,
 Which length of time cannot deface;
 Revolving years new charms bestow,
 And to the soul more sweet they grow.
 The man who knowledge has attain'd,
 And by experience wisdom gain'd,
 Thinks friendship was by heav'n design'd
 The highest bliss of human kind.
 As joining brooks, which often seem
 To lose themselves within the stream,
 And gently roll their silver train,
 Till swallow'd in the boundless main;
 Thus souls, whom virtue does delight,
 In sacred bands of love unite,
 They joyous run the destin'd race,
 And end their pleasing task in peace.

THE

T H E
C O B L E R.

ME did the Muses nine employ,
 Their shoes to cobble, buskins mend;
 Tho' long this place I did enjoy,
 Small was the gain which did attend.

They paid me all (sad pay !) in rhyme;
 I thought that it was wond'rous hard
 That I on such light food must dine.—
 Can it suffice a hungry bard?

Say, what is the Castalian spring,
 Compar'd with chearing nut-brown ale?
 It cannot make the Cobler sing,
 Nor tell with glee a hum'rous tale.

On good Sir LOIN let me regale;
 Then with a hearty, faithful friend,
 A chearful glass, a pleasing tale,
 Should ever my repast attend.

E P I T A P H

FOR MYSELF.

HERE in peace secure I rest,
Nor pain nor grief do me molest;
Too low for envy now I lie;
Malice, I can thee defy !
No more can you my soul alarm
With real ill, or fancy'd harm.

PROSE

H
P R O S E

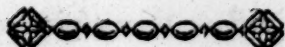
P I E C E S.

OSE

P. R. O. S. T. E. R.

P. I. C. E. S.

Prose Pieces.



THE

MANSION and GARDEN of the PRINCE'S FELICITY:

AN ALLEGORY.

SINCERE, true piety, is the solid base, the rock on which Felicity has wisely fix'd her mansion. Here she resides, (here only to be found,) and from her throne gives audience to her constant, humble, persevering lovers. These are enrolled as candidates for happiness, and invested with humility, a precious robe adorned with righteousness, from the wardrobe of the Great Philanthropist, and then conducted to the garden, to improve and cultivate

a spot allotted to him or her in particular; and, to excite their vigilance and care, their guide assures them, those, who shall produce the finest fruit or the fairest flower, will be distinguished by the highest favours. From this a noble, generous emulation springs; with ardour they aspire each other to excel, yet all the tender offices of friendship they mutually perform, and view, well pleased, the lovely product, tho' not their own; here some prepare the soil, others sow the seed, others have the care of watching and preserving it; all depending on the heavenly dews, the benediction from above; but chiefly on the all-prolific Sun, whose blessed beams mature and bring it to perfection.

Virtuous innocence, that spotless lily, how happy is the lovely fair one who can produce it! Felicity receives her with a grace ineffable, and presents her with a chaplet of celestial palm, the earnest of eternal happiness.

Persevering virtue, like a rich perfume, repels the pois'nous blasts of envy and detraction, and in the end more lovely it appears.

Now

Now turn, and see the lovely, the brilliant fruit
 beneficence and friendship bear, when grafted on a
 love divine. Celestial beings view it with delight;
 they with pleasure guard it from the sons of vio-
 lence, from subtle fraud, and sly hypocrisy, who
 would destroy what they ne'er can taste. Heroic,
 happy souls! who bravely stand the stormy trials
 of adversity, triumph o'er their foes, and with Chri-
 stian fortitude are more than conquerors: They can
 produce the glorious, the brilliant fruit of constancy
 and truth,

Firm as the solid rock, which braves
 The raging winds or furious waves,
 They stand unmov'd, their trust is God,
 And humbly kiss the instructive rod.

THE

T H E
A B S E N T M U S E .

WITH MY SOUL HAVE I DESIRED THEE IN THE
NIGHT.

RETURN, my muse; thou lovely fugitive, return. Why art thou withdrawn? Is it to quicken my desires, or make me set a greater value on thy favours? I mourn thy absence; I long for thy return. With thee I wish again to rove the solitary, peaceful shades, the sweet retreat of Contemplation, where folly, vanity, and vice are never seen; but calm, serene delights, virtue's lovely offspring, on her ever wait. With ardent love I seek her sacred bower, and with attentive reverence listen to her instructive lessons.

Lectures which can charm the gloomy midnight hour, when balmy sleep denies its aid, and change the horrors of the sable night to an amazing scene of grandeur and magnificence; here the language of omnipotence in golden capitals are wrote, the splendour

dour of the moon, the pointed lustre of Heaven's innumerable host, display the wonders of Almighty power. Love, wisdom, and infinite munificence, are impress'd on all thy glorious works, thou great, thou eternal God.

What delightful, what sweet sensations in the bosom spring! with what amazing force they strike the mental powers, enlarging, ennobling all its faculties with energy divine!

O thou omniscient, omnipresent God! the sacred source of all that is great or good, invest me with humility, cloath me with thy righteousness; thou great Philanthropist, adorn me with thy graces, those celestial gems, which ornament the necks of thy beloved offspring.

H

THE

THE
COMPLAINT.

WHY ART THOU CAST DOWN, O MY SOUL?

WHERE shall the wretched fly, who,
friendless and alone, sighs to the bleak
winds, or pours his complaint to ruthless stones?
who seeks for aid, but seeks in vain; who ne'er can
find the pitying, the generous, sympathizing soul,
that, beneficently kind, delights in doing good;
who cheers the grief of indigence, and mitigates the
sorrows of a poor old man.

O time! thou hast deprived me of my strength,
and loaded me with weakness and infirmities!—
Flattering hope is fled! her sweet delusions charm
no more! A gloomy, melancholy scene now rises
to my view,—a dreary waste, a wilderness, void of
joy or consolation!

My

My Muse,—that once had power to charm the gloomy hours, and with her pleasing notes expel the melancholy train which would intrude upon my solitary walks,—now hangs her drooping head; the heart-felt sigh, the silent, sympathizing tear, is all the comfort she can give.

H 2

EASTER

E A S T E R M O R N ,

A

M E D I T A T I O N .

AWAKE, my soul ! arise, and with a pious ardour hail the morn, the great, the glorious morn, on which thy SAVIOUR rose triumphant from the dead, and the infernal powers vanquished.—He, who on the cross expired, with all the marks of infamy and shame, scorn, and derision, now rises with transcendent glory, majesty, and honour.—The watch is set, the tomb fast sealed—how vain ! At his approach the earth quakes, the tomb bursts ! A death-like horror on the soldiers seizes ! Hell with all its powers tremble.—He who bowed the heavens, and came down to rescue man, lost man ! from sin and misery, ascends, now gloriously ascends, leading captivity captive ! Myriads of angels and archangels grace the triumph ! A chosen band, as harbingers, prepare the way before him, commanding the everlasting gates to open, and receive the Lord, the King of Glory !—The others, a numberless retinue, shout

shout for joy, and in exalted strains they celebrate the triumph of MESSIAH, the incarnate God!—Hail, glorious Conqueror, thou King of Glory, hail! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!—Hark, how kindly they invite us to partake their joys!—"Come, mortals, come, and join the heavenly choir! Come, ye ransom'd, ye redeem'd, and pour forth your joyful acclamations, for your Redeemer liveth, and love, Almighty love triumphant reigns! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!—Salvation, honour, and power be unto our God, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever, Amen! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

O thou great, thou glorious Lord God omnipotent! thou great Philanthropist! what thought can reach, or tongue display, the wonders, the amazing wonders of thy power, thy goodness, and infinite beneficence?

O my God! fain would I attempt thy praise, fain would I celebrate my dear Redeemer's love; but it is too great, too high a theme for me, poor sinful dust and ashes!

T H E

I N V I T A T I O N .

ARISE, MY LOVE, MY FAIR ONE, COME AWAY;
 LET US GO FORTH INTO THE FIELDS, LET US
 LODGE IN THE VILLAGES.

COME, my Muse, thou sweet companion of
 my lonely hours, come, and let us range the
 fields, and taste the sweet delights of rural life.—
 Now spring her vernal charms displays ; now every
 meadow, field, and garden, blooms with sweet de-
 lights : What beauty is impress'd on all ! Each sense
 a transport feels—the soul is struck with admi-
 ration ! Wisdom, power, and munificence in all
 thy works appear, O God. Thy glory heaven and
 earth declare. These silent, lonely shades, (the
 haunt of sacred contemplation) tacitly invite us to
 partake the pleasures of retirement ; here we'll at-
 tend the still, the soft-inspiring whispers of cele-
 stial love. Acquaint thyself with God, and be at
 peace : But where shall I find him ? He, whose
 way is in the whirlwind, and in the storm ;
 in

in the great deep he hideth his steps! at his rebuke the mountains quake, the sea is dry, and Lebanon with all its beauties languishes!

But how shall I appear? How shall such a wretch, such a worm, such a sinful creature appear before him, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity? But, O Lord! whither shall I go from thy presence? Thou art about my path, and about my bed, and spiest out all my ways. O thou eternal, ever living, overflowing fountain of love, goodness, and mercy! O make me worthy to partake thereof, thou great Philanthropist! and vouchsafe to be my guide, my counsellor, my friend. Bow down thine ear, and let thy heart imbibe the sacred dictates of eternal wisdom.—“My ways are ways of pleasantness, and all my paths are peace.—I AM the way, the truth, and the light; follow me. I’ll be thy guide, thy counsellor, and friend, and safe conduct thee to the blissful regions of eternal joys.” O my soul! my Muse, where shall I find words to express the heart-felt joy arising in my breast! O divine! O heavenly consolation! I will retire to my chamber, my little oratory, and pour out my soul to him; in grateful songs I’ll celebrate his praise.

To

To my Honoured FRIEND, Mr. W—.

THERE IS A FRIEND THAT STICKETH CLOSER THAN
A BROTHER.

Dear Sir,

IF you are at leifure, I beg your attention a few moments, and if you can think of any thing for my good, I shall be very much obliged to you if you will be so good as to communicate it to me.

You must be informed in the first place that there is a meagre four old fellow, who pretends he's my master ; his real name is Poverty : He behaves with great insolence, I might say cruelty, for he obliges me to work for a poor old fellow, above seventy. I acknowledge he is one of my mother's own children ; and I should do it chearfully and willingly enough, if that would do ; but he's always teizing me, and hankering after something or other out of my power to get, especially books. This makes it harder with me than otherwise it would be.

I said to him one day, "To what purpose is it for thee to desire, or what benefit canst thou think to obtain from books!" To which he replied, "I look upon them as the vehicles of wisdom and knowledge; as for your part, you may sit down content with your large share of ignorance, but I think it my duty, and I am sure it is my interest, to improve my mind, to enrich and adorn my soul with sacred and important truths; they throw a radiance over the gloomy mind, and brighten ev'ry thought. What effect can beauteous objects have on one that's blind? no more can the wonderful greatness, wisdom, or power of the great Creator affect an ignorant man."

With such talk he bears me down, and compels me to his humour. But what is this to that which remains? I have a mud-wall cottage, which was left me by my father; it stands upon the waste: I am obliged to keep it in repair, and pay a quit-rent to the lord of the manor; but it is so old and ruinous, and perpetually mould'ring away, I know not what to do; it rains in, and every blast of wind seems as if it would level it with the ground. All the repairs I am forced to do myself, for no workman will

will assist me. But further—to my grief and shame I speak it! I am in arrears to my Lord, and TEMPO his rent-gatherer knows no pity.

He came the other day, and I was not provided for him: I begg'd him to have patience; time^s were hard, and the weather cold; when he said, "This is your old story: but I will bear it no longer:" on which he took me by the collar, threw me down, struck out my teeth, and beat me almost blind. I begg'd for mercy; but he said I deserv'd none, for I had abus'd his Lordship's long-forbearance, thro' a careless negligence, neither improving it to his honour, or my own good; and that he should be obliged to turn me out, and pull my cottage to the ground.

What shall I do? From whom can I hope for succour, if my Lord shews no compassion?

EPITAPH

E P I T A P H

On a notorious DEIST, of *Salisbury*;
Who was a Cotemporary of, and well known to
the AUTHOR.

CONSIGNE TO ROTTENNESS,

HERE LIES

THAT HEROIC INFIDEL TOM CHUBB;

WHO IN ALLIANCE WITH

SATAN, ARIUS, AND SOGINUS,

BOLDLY MADE WAR ON

THE GREAT EMMANUEL.

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GREAT WERE HIS DESIGNS;

BUT DEATH, REGARDLESS OF HIS MERIT,
SNAPP'D SHORT THE THREAD OF HIS LIFE,
AND SENT HIM TO THAT PLACE,

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R H A P S O D Y,

Humbly inscribed to all my Worthy and
Honoured BENEFACTORS.

Poor is the friendless master of a world ;
A world, in purchase for a friend, is gain.

LET gratitude my soul inspire,—attune my
voice,—and give that energy of thought, that
sweet expression, which strikes the ear, and capti-
vates the heart !

Come, ye heav'nly Genii, come ! attend, while
love divine the sacred effusion pours !—Beneficence,
friendly beneficence ! that god-like turn of mind,
which gives to its possessor a divine sensation,

I

warm-

warming and quickening all his faculties ; noble and generous thoughts inspiring !—If with congenial souls he joins, how are the mental joys improved ! how exhilarating are the charms ! The latent thoughts come forth at this attractive call, in all their native graces, all striving to compleat the harmonious unison. Their joys in streams nectarious flow, and they anticipate the bliss of heaven.

But 'tis not so with avaricious, earth-born souls, whose sordid views and mercenary schemes terminate in self ; distrustful fears perpetually alarm, and all their peace destroy ; they wear the galling, heavy chains of slavery, bound on by cruel and corroding care. They never taste of friendship's mental, social joys, or the sublime delights which warm the generous heart.

Friendship, thou balm of life ! by heaven ordain'd to animate and cheer the weary and dejected pilgrim, journeying through life's gloomy vale ! Friendship ! thou sacred band, thou heaven-wrought zone, with sacred gems inlaid, with curious characters inscribed, divinely bright ! Wisdom's pupils in the texture read truth, beneficence, love sincere, glory

glory to God, to man good will. These powerful charms preserve the wearer for ever lovely, for ever amiable. Time, which all other things subdues, improves its beauty, and studiously preserves it in perpetual bloom. Imperial dignity, power, and dominion, the dazzling and alluring pomps of grandeur and exalted station, how uncertain, how momentary! What mortal, what monarch can depend on its duration? One generous, faithful friend, is more to be desired.

See Darius, great and good,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And welt'ring in his blood,
 Deserted at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed ;
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
 Without a friend to close his eyes.

DRYDEN.

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